Rom. And badst me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell:
But come young Waverer, come and goe with me,
In one respect 'Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your houshold rancor to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Dev'll should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answere the Letters Master, how hee dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Love-song, the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde Bow-boies but-shaft: and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why? what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More than Prince of Cats: O hee's the courageous Captaine of Complements: hee fights as you sing Pricke-song, keepes time, distance, and proportion; he rests his *minum* rests, one, two, and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a silke

silke button, a Dualist, a Dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the punto reverso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Poxe of such antique lisping affecting phantasies, these new tuners of accents: by Jesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good Whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grand-sire, that wee should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dri'd Herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in. *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchin wench, marrie she had a better love to berime her; *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots, *Thisby* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Seignior *Romeo Bon jour*, there's a French salutation to your French slop: you gave us the counterfeit fairely last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constraines a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curtesie.

Rom. Pincke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flowred.

Mercu. Sure wit, follow mee this jest now till thou hast worne out thy pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worne,

the